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PRECAUTIONS AGAINST REPEATING.

There is something theatrical in Commissioner Partridge's shifting of 1,600 policemen from their regular posts for service to-day in precincts where they are unknown. It is a dramatic feature deserving of applause, for it will do more than any other device to prevent illegal voting. A policeman should have no friends on Election Day.

Tammany men are reported to be indignant at the Commissioner's high-handed proceeding; they cry "intimidation" and denounce the shifting of 100 patrolmen in Murphy's district as persecution. Yet there is every reason to believe that a voter in the Eighteenth District or elsewhere will be able to cast his ballot with as much safety under the scrutiny of an imported policeman as he would if the bluecoat watching the process were a personal acquaintance.

How much repeating there is in this great city at elections is a matter of conjecture, estimates depending on the temperament of the estimator. Supt. McCullagh, who is somewhat inclined to pessimism, is assailed by fears of gangs of repeaters recruited in Philadelphia, Newark, Jersey City and Hoboken for illicit work here and at Albany. The vigilance which the fears arouse is a good thing, for it results in just such precautions for purity at the polls as the wholesale transfers of police which the Commissioner has ordered.

GOOD MEMORIES.

The memory performs so many surprising feats that we should not feel skeptical of the testimony of the new witnesses in the Mollieux case—the detective who recalls that four years ago a mysterious man with a red beard bought brom-seltzer in Newark and a day later was seen coming out of a jewelry store; and the woman waiting in line in the Post-Office who saw a man ahead of her mail a package addressed to Cornish.

Perhaps we should award the mnemonic palm to the detective. Most persons fail to remember whether a man seen only once has whiskers or a smooth face. To recall both the beard and its color indicates the possession of a faculty that by this time should have ranked the detective at the top of his profession. Whereas in the case of the woman her natural feminine curiosity not only stamped the name on the package indelibly on her memory, but aided and abetted by her imagination was able to build an entire romance on the name before she left the Post-Office. It is a recognized feminine faculty, full many a Marie Corelli lives on mute and inglorious, lacking merely the opportunity for the public exercise of her talents.

One is led to wonder, however, why these prodigious memories have been allowed to lie dormant for four long years. It cannot be that they had not heard of the Mollieux trial; is there any remote recess of civilization untroubled by its fame? It must have been that the particular brain cells containing this valuable information have not been in working order. They were off duty and inactive till the touch of some vanished association of ideas aroused them to action. At least we should charitably suppose so.

A COLONEL'S SOCIAL STATUS.

Col. George R. Dyer, commanding the Twelfth Regiment of the New York National Guard, is reported to have said yesterday: "The officers of the Twelfth Regiment are men holding important positions in the city's affairs, are not on the same social status with the men of the regiment and have nothing to do with them outside of regimental drills." The statement was made to the Board of Armory Commissioners in a plea for the addition of officers' quarters to the armory.

Col. Dyer is a "society man" and a good soldier. If in the intervals of peace he thinks his social status endangered by association with his war-time comrades-in-arms let him by all means be provided with exclusive quarters where this precious possession may be preserved unspotted from the world. It may incidentally inspire some of the rank and file to fight the harder for their country and their colonel.

THE INDULGED CRIMINAL.

In the suburbs of Boston two women have been murdered and five others murderously assaulted apparently by the same criminal. The assaults have been marked by a peculiar atrocity which points to a maniac as their perpetrator. A man of social prominence known to his friends as possessed of a murderous mania is suspected of being the culprit and an effort will be made to-day to put him under arrest. But mean time the hope is publicly expressed by his family and friends that he will vanish and avoid the disgrace of arrest.

In this land of democracy we show an indulgence to the rich or socially prominent offender which by comparison with the manner in which England treats him is greatly to our discredit. A peer suspected of an offense has the officers of the law on his track as savagely as if he were a costermonger. A London society man and a clergyman's son were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude yesterday for offenses of which they had been expeditiously found guilty. No sentiment was wasted on them. It is the British theory that when men commit crimes they are on the same level regardless of their rank in life. And it is a good theory in the disregard of which we too frequently err.

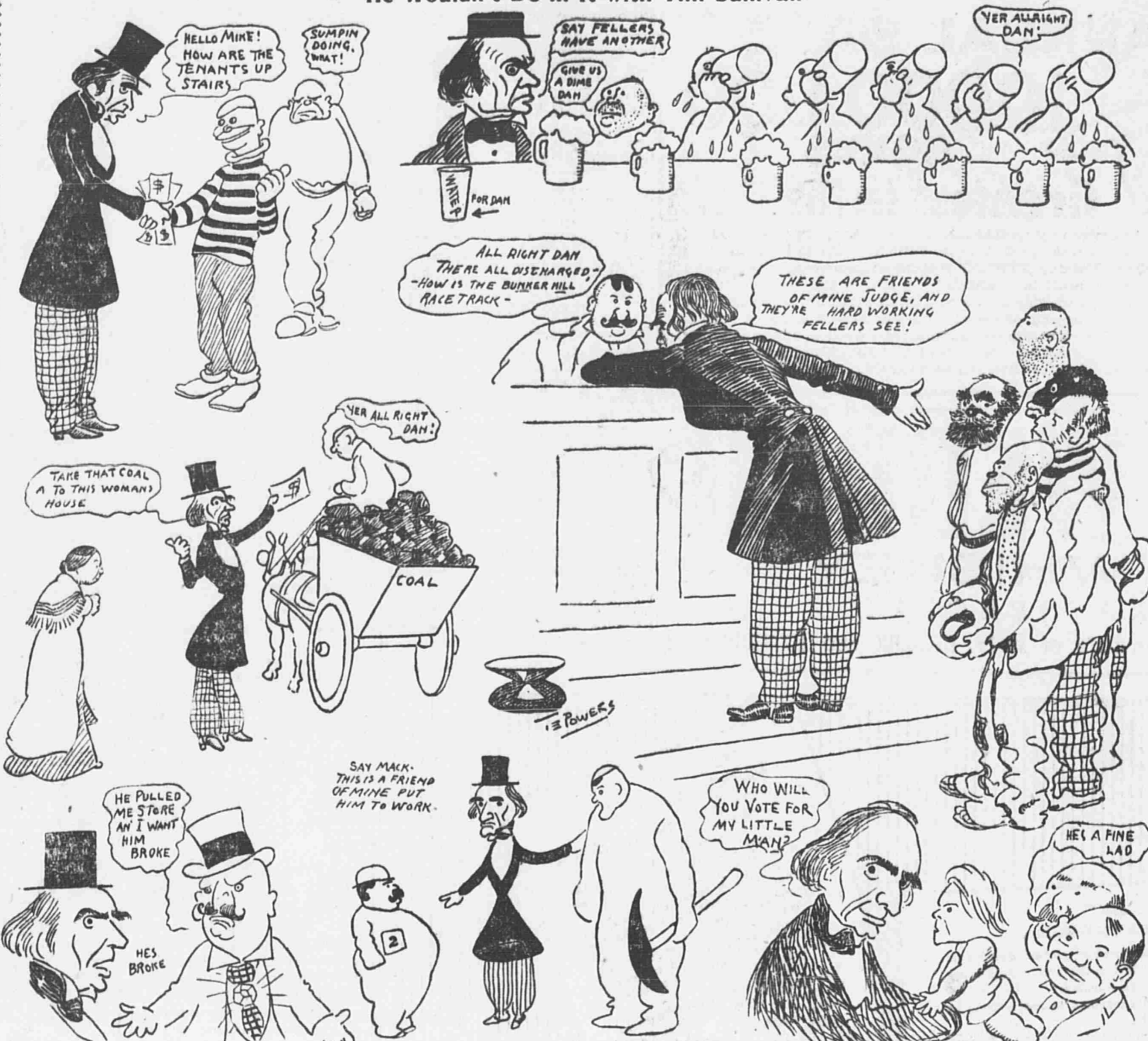
THE DOUGH BAGS.

The amount of current funds put in the hands of Tammany captains for distribution to-day and for use where it will do most good is estimated at \$100,000. The Republican allowance for similar purposes is perhaps one-quarter as large.

There will thus be about \$125,000 to be disbursed in nearly one thousand election precincts, an average of \$125 each. Not a great amount, but like a drop of oil on a creaking hinge a dollar does so much good if properly placed! The distribution of the \$125,000 is to the political situation what Secretary Shaw's ampler relief contributions are to Wall Street. It stimulates business and lubricates things generally. A good deal of it will find its way eventually into the bartender's till when he reopens, some into restaurants and theatres. A little will find its way to the butcher and a little, perhaps, into the family fund against a rainy day.

So it must be regarded as wholly beneficial in its operation. It will exercise a tonic effect on every one receiving it. Like the quality of mercy it will be twice blessed, redounding to the credit of those who provide and those who partake of the provender, and we need not strain a point and scrutinize too critically the ulterior motives of those who provide. Sufficient for the purpose is the reflection that it makes many a many heart beat with pride at being the recipient of a portion of it.

If Daniel Webster Tried to Run the Bowery-- He Wouldn't Be In It with Tim Sullivan.



Artist Powers here shows some of the things the immortal Daniel Webster would have to do were he to come back to earth and try to run the Bowery. Tim Sullivan has said that Daniel couldn't begin to represent the district as well as he does, and those who have read about Dan and know about Tim will, no doubt, readily agree with him. A Bowery-running contest between Dan and Tim is, of course, out of the question, Dan being now where even Bowery heeleders cannot touch him, and the nearest approach to a Daniel Webster that the famous lar has at present being William Henry Sulzer, who only looks like Henry Clay. So it will probably be best to take Tim's word and let it go at that.



Mme. Judice Helps Home Dressmakers.

Mme. Judice, who is connected with one of the leading dressmaking establishments of this city, has been secured by The Evening World, and will conduct this department, in which home dressmakers will be given helpful advice. Questions relating to dressmaking will be answered by Mme. Judice.

Dear Mme. Judice: KINDLY tell me how to make a fancy but neat evening dress of black tulle. I would like to have a yoke, something of white, so as not to have it all in black. I don't want anything low cut. I am 5 feet 6 inches in height, and 35 bust and 25 waist.

M. B. Brooklyn, N. Y.

The accompanying sketch will illustrate to you a very new idea for a flowered lace dress made over tulle. It is fancy yet neat, as you desire, and I think will answer all your requirements. Shirring is the newest of new models in trimming for this winter in soft, dressy materials, and will be most artistic in lace. The top of the sleeve and yoke of the skirt are treated in this manner, allowing the lower part to fall full and gracefully. The yoke and front of the bodice is of white satin panne, with shirring for this winter in blue velvet finished off on the points with flat white pearl "nail-heads." The surplus on the waist starts from under the arms, and is of the black flowered lace. It is tied carefully at the bust and the ends allowed to hang free. The

back of the waist is made plain and closes invisibly in the centre. The deep cuff and pointed stock collar are of white satin panne, trimmed with the straps of blue velvet and pearl "nail-heads."

TO CLEAN PORTIERES.

Dear Mme. Judice: Please let me know how to clean a pair of tan colored portieres. M. S.

Although your request is a little out of my line, I will gladly do all I can to help you.

Naphtha, purchased at any paint store, is an excellent cleanser, but great care must be exercised in its handling. Keep away from fire—as it is very explosive. Pour or five gallons in a wash-tub—enough to cover the portieres—and allowed to soak a few moments so as to thoroughly penetrate the material, will help a great deal. Then rub very gently on a washboard, working the naphtha into the goods with the hands at same time. Run through a wringer made extra loose and hang in open air to dry, stretched full length on a clothesline. If spotted use a brush dipped in naphtha.

SMARTENING WINTER BLOUSES.

To descend, however, to more mundane matters, and to be practical this cold weather, flannel blouses can have a word or two. Simplicity should govern the make of these, but there is no reason why they should not be smart. Silk collars, strappings of silk and bits of gold embroidery done in flourishing thread, clear, geometrical designs, not too elaborate, repay the labor of embroidery sufficiently to induce one to undertake the task, but it is well to shrink the flannel first, so that one's labor is not in vain after "Mrs. Wash-crowman" has struggled valiantly to reduce our blouse to a mist.

the ends of the surplus. Make your black tulle drop skirt similar to a petticoat, with deep, full plaiting all around the foot. This will give a pretty flare to the lace.

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CARE OF THE HAIR.

Women's chief charm is her hair, demanding the most exquisite attention. It is well to lay the foundation of a good head of hair in infancy, keeping the ends clipped, hair thoroughly brushed every day and the roots carefully washed with tepid water, says the *Pilgrim*. One of the best recipes to prevent the hair from turning gray is moderation in living and frequent washings in cold water. Constant worry and prolonged grief hasten gray hairs. The use of curling irons, long kept up, also hastens the ravages of time. Many persons make the sad mistake of using preparations for softening the hair containing oils or greasy substances. This is a great error, as they only obstruct the pores, preventing its growth, the oils gathering every little particle of dust, thereby clogging the pores of the scalp. Too frequent shampooing the hair or washing it with soap and water is very destructive. Soap, if often used, changes the color and tends to fade it, although ordinary yellow kitchen soap keeps the hair from having the usual dingy appearance. A few drops of lemon juice in the water used for washing will help to remove dust or oil from the hair as it is dissolved in a small quantity of white soap in spirits of wine, rinsing well with tepid water. The hair should always be perfectly dried and well brushed. Fanning thoroughly separates the hair, rendering it soft and pliable.

SOMEBODIES.

GOULD, KINGDON—the fourteen-year-old son of George Gould, is one of America's finest polo players, easily outclassing his father at the latter's favorite game.

GRISWOLD, S. M.—the bank president and former State Senator, is about to complete half a century of service as usher in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

LODGE, G. C.—son of Senator Lodge, has blossomed forth as a novelist and poet, instead of following his father's political career.

SPENCER, STANLEY—the flying-machine man, comes honestly by his aeronautic tastes. His father and grandfather were balloonists, and both his brothers are skilled aeronauts.

TEN EYCK, EDWARD—the famous carman, is the fourth in descent of his family, to make a reputation by rowing. His grandfather and great-grandfather were ferry-men, and the former, though nearly eighty, still rows a powerful stroke. Ten Eyck's father is a crew coach.

A Few Remarks.

Mostly on the Topics of the Day.

Get ready to say: "I told you so."

The last month of a dull fall will be marked by a dull thud for a whole lot of people when the returns come in.

"That clerk of mine inherits at least one of his mother's traits." "I didn't know you knew his mother." "I don't. But she's a woman. And the proverb says, 'Woman's work is never done.'"

What a blow to the swooning film-novel heroine! When Nellie Corcoran, who had slumbered for thirteen days, awoke she never once asked "Where am I?"

"The drum major is a great institution." "Yes! But I think he needs a little Jeffersonian simplicity."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

The jailing of automobilists and St. Louis millionaires may lead to mighty changes in prison-house affairs. With jails full of aristocrats, exclusiveness may yet lead to forming a clique known as the rich "Striped Set."

If you forget to register, forget also to complain if your candidate loses.

Even if Borough President Ewanstrom had not set an example by selling his auto, the baby-carriage would doubtless have continued to rule as Brooklyn's favorite form of horseless vehicle.

The melancholy days have come. And when such days are warm. Up through the radiator pipes the steam doth rush and storm. But when Boreas gets to work and the icicle doth gleam, The janitor sprains both his wrists in shutting off all steam.

"Is your son gifted in any way?" asked the visitor. "I should say he is," answered Mrs. Cortnessel. "About everything he has been given him by us."—*Washington Star*.

A Kentucky man named "Pleasant" has just killed his son. What's in a name?

"Johnny, I put six pieces of cake on this plate for you six children; and, just because you're the biggest, you've eaten it all."

"Please, mamma, I was just giving my dear little brothers and sisters an illustration of what the word 'merger' means."

A young man from Kennebunk, Me., a fair maiden's heart tried to get. But old Towser took note Of the tails of his coat, And he fled with words almost profane.

If Richard Croker had received as many recent slabs of hard luck as has his plucky nephew there'd be lots more.

reason for the report of the increased whiteness of Uncle Dick's capillary crop.

Loud sang the gladome Gotham crooks: "Henceforth we'll set these tasks, 'Never to chat with Gotham cops,' Just as Capt. Piper asks!"

"Honesty, my son," said the millionsaire Congressman, "is the best policy." "Well, perhaps it is, dad," rejoined the youthful philosopher, "but it strikes me you have done pretty well."—*Chicago News*.

"How do you know they're on their wedding trip?" "When he told her, 'I'll only stay in the smoker half an hour,' he was actually back inside of an hour and three-quarters."

After his college education He said: "I'll take a 'situation.' But found—with many a painful throb—He couldn't even get a 'job.'"

A Boston man has just lost an eye playing golf. The full list of sewing circle casualties is not yet in.

The man who tells the girl she is the only woman he ever loved, the girl who says she'd rather be good than pretty, the man who says he never before heard the old story you've just told him and the election forecaster are a quartet of lars whom society readily forgives.

"Where are you living this year?" "Nowhere. I'm merely economizing in the suburbs."

Floor Walker—Anything I can show you, sir? Dashed individual—The door, please, if you will please be so kind. I've been hunting for it two hours.—*Columbus State Journal*.

"He said time would vindicate him." "Well, the judge gave him plenty of it."

You may talk of the outbursts of genius In the toasts when the wine passes free, But the welcomest speaker among us Is the man who says: "This is on me."

The Chicago bartender who was locked in the refrigerator by thieves had plenty of time, while there, to look up some of the many checks that had been "put on ice."

November has thus far tried her best to atone for the grim weather jokes October wreaked on us.

Without the gambler bars with steel To keep the cops away. Within, he also works a steel For the "sucker" born each day.

"Is he really so unlucky?" "Unlucky? Why his luck's so bad that breaking a looking-glass is like a red-letter day to him."

A ROMANCE OF THE DAY'S NEWS.

LOVE CAUGHT IN A CORNER.

A Broken Heart and a Wrecked Ambition Follow John W. Gates's Louisville and Nashville Deal.

LOVE came to Samuel Edgar late in life. The inscrutable little god had not fitted along the uphill road of toll which the ambitious railroad man had traveled to success illuminating the darkest places with his will-o'-the-wisp splendor as he does in the lives of most men and women.

He had stationed himself torch in hand, near the end of the course, and every nerve of the man's body, every finely wrought fibre of his mind, had strained to reach the distant point of illumination.

Samuel Edgar was over fifty when his life's ambition was at last attained and he found himself Second Vice-President of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad had gradually worked his way up in the office which he had entered as a poor boy; and, in the first months of the tardy leisure he had won, discovered that the light in a young woman's eyes.

Catharine Stenhouse was beautiful, with the fine healthy beauty of the Kentucky girl. She was rather serious for her years and liked the strong, sensible railroad man who, from the evening they first met, had honored her with conspicuous attention. And the middle-aged man centred in her all the high ideals and ardent feelings of which, had he had time to love, he might have been bankrupt before thirty.

He was not eloquent. The blunt phrases of business life were all his speech. Of the words that are heart beats the intentions that are kisses forming Love's vocabulary, he knew nothing. And he learned them slowly, painfully, as a little child might the rudiments of a foreign tongue.

But, when, in his blunt commonplace manner, he asked the beautiful Kentucky girl to marry him, she consented. For she loved him.

They had met on one of those soft Southern evenings when the senses of the flowers sleep and those of women waken. And all unknown to her, the fairy had touched her eyes with the magic juice of the little purple flower, "Love-in-Idleness," which makes a man or woman madly do as it sees. Catharine Stenhouse really loved the middle-aged business man, and loving him, saw the man, in the maddest way, that they were married. Samuel Edgar felt that he had crowned the life of earnest effort and final success, and he had no

regret for the long loveless years of his early manhood.

After a brief honeymoon the couple returned to Louisville. The railroad president did not allow his new found happiness to interfere with his work. Indeed, he took up the routine life of the railroad office with a new zest. The soothing sameness of his occupations filled his days and he spent the quiet evenings at home with his young wife.

Then came the crash. The honeymoon was scarcely over when John W. Gates, engineer of his famous deal in the control of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. As a result the road passed out of the hands of the Belmonts into those of the Chicago plunger, and with the change Samuel Edgar lost his position.

The man who had worked all his life to reach the little eminence whence he had been ruthlessly removed, was stunned by the extent of his misfortune. He had been in the employ of the road for over twenty years. The best part of his life had been given to its interests. Yet in dringing the first draught of success that had come to him the cup had been shattered in his hand. The man's health collapsed under the strain. Even the tender sympathy of his young wife could not make up for the loss of the position he had striven so long to attain.

In the hope of regaining his health he went South and for a time seemed to throw off the nervous attack from which he suffered. The recovery was short-lived, however. Idleness weighed heavily upon him and his hopelessness longed for his old desk in the dusty railroad office he had left in despair. His health returned and in desperation he went to the Oak Hill Sanatorium in Caldwell, N. J. But his disease was largely due to mental worry and the physicians shook their heads over the case when they saw the hopeless melancholy into which the patient had fallen.

Mr. Edgar died last week at the sanatorium. Literally, the loss of his position had killed him, and the young wife, bending over the coffin, knew that the man who had given his youth to the railroad and his middle age to her, had found rest.

ONE DIFFERENCE.

Mrs. Stubb—The partnership of marriage is just like any other business partnership. Mr. Stubb—Yes, excepting that men never gets a silent partner.—*Chicago News*.